

Poetry.

The Desolate House.

JOSEPH M. CHAFFET.

Desolate house on the lonely road,
With the aged pine-tree over your door,
That door whose latch uplifts no more
To guests who came in the times of yore;
Dark and desolate old abode!
You have welcomed me before.

Now, no welcome, no greeting here,
Gladness, no, no, no, no, no, no;
As a house of death your chambers cheer;
And memories like ghosts to perturb my mind,
And laugh at my helpless woe.

Echoes wake in the startled halls,
And cry to each other from room to room;
While out of the damp and dismal gloom
Flashes the wrath of an old perfume—
Hunting still the maddening wall—
With a mockery of bloom.

Through the empty scabbies shy I drift fit,
Give but a glance, and then are fled,
Chasing the sunny days of old;
Just a touch of light on the hearth-stone left;
Moving not, but content to sit
Where the mould of years is spread.

Rude winds wrench the old pine-tree's boughs,
Till it utters a wailing cry of pain;
Like one who lings and cries in vain
To be soothed with the tender touch again
Of cool hands pressed upon fevered brows,
And the kisses, fresh as rain.

Have you forgotten, O aged tree!
Have you forgotten, amid your boughs,
The who lingered beneath your canopy,
Her winsome ways and her pleasant tones,
The vows that she exchanged with me,
And which only death disavows?

But as yesterday the old time seem,
To a heart that beats the bridge of tears,
Spanning a stream that flows with fears,
Twixt the shore of youth and the shore of years.

While life's sun sinks, with a sickly gleam,
And the creeping twilight weaves,
Crumbling, old house, to your fall at last;
Mean, old tree, for the end draws nigh:
Side by side you shall lie,
As, side by side, in the days gone by.

Ye stand and greet the guests that passed,
When none was so little as I,
Out, again, on the lonely road,
From the desolate house my footsteps stray;
I would not go, but I cannot stay,
For the whistling wind that comes to say:
"You will find the last one's last abode
Among the graves, not far away."

Selected Tale.

THE ATTIC STUDY.

Miss Annie Lester gave a sigh of relief as she placed the last sheet upon a huge pile of papers, and pushed her chair back from the study table. Her eyes rested upon a grim suit of mail that stood in one corner with upright lance. If in fancy she pictured the warrior of the fifteenth century, who once wore the armor and wielded the lance, who should doubt that the image took on the ruddy face and stalwart form of one of the present day, to her, if to none else, a modern hero? Shelves reaching from floor to ceiling, on all sides of the room, were crowded with books—ancient vellum-bound tomes, ponderous cyclopedias, miscellaneous volumes in green, blue and red. The doctor's table presented that litter which literary men delight in, and which no discreet housewife, however fond of order, would dare to set to rights. Her own table looked more tidy, though there were a few blotches of ink on the pretty crimson cover. The bright October sunshine was streaming in through the skylight, diffusing a pleasant warmth, for the morning had been frosty. Just then the doctor's slow step was heard on the stairs, and soon he entered his attic study.

Miss Lyster was still staring at the armor, in deep thought.

"There isn't a man in it," said the doctor.

"Nor a skeleton, either," rejoined the young woman with a laugh.

"But if not a man in the mail, there was a letter in the mail," said the doctor, who loved to lighten the gravity of age with his little joke.

"Very good, doctor," said Miss Lyster, with dutiful appreciation; "but it would be better yet if the letter were for me."

"It is for yours truly," as you will no doubt find at the end of it; but no, the writing is masculine, a man in the mail after all; and probably something rather more affectionate than the stiff 'yours truly' winds it up, eh?" and he handed her the letter, which she hastened to unseal.

Meanwhile the doctor stepped into an adjoining room and busied himself with the contents of an old chest, from which he presently removed a large bundle of papers and returned to the study. The young woman had finished her letter. There was a cloud upon her face and suspicion of tears in her dark eyes.

"Well, well! not bad news, I hope," said the doctor.

"Yes, I am sorry to say, very bad news. I ought to go home at once; they are in great trouble there. Oh! I don't know what to do. I cannot leave my school, of course, until Christmas week, and so there it is."

"Is it something you can tell me about, my dear?" asked the doctor, kindly. "Perhaps I can advise you, but of course I don't wish to intrude in your private affairs."

"You are very kind, Doctor Warlock—you are always kind. Yes, I think I will tell you about it, though you have enough to think of without being bothered with the troubles of poor me. You know my home is in Rockford, Mother and I have a little farm there, and we have managed to get along quite comfortably since father's death, but the place is not ours really, that is, it is mortgaged for \$500. Father died very suddenly and his affairs were so involved that all we had left was the farm. That seemed to be secure, but all at once this mortgage was produced, and that has been a cloud hanging over us ever since. I have managed to pay the interest and the taxes by teaching, and everything would go on as it has done, I suppose, if the man who holds

the mortgage would be content. But now he insists on having his money. We might as well think of raising \$5,000,000 as \$500. Oh! I don't know what to do. Mother is an invalid, you know, and it will kill her to lose her home, but it must come to that, I fear."

"You say the interest and taxes are kept up; what rate of interest do you pay?"

"Six per cent, and it has never run behind. We have been very careful about that."

"Dear me, I can't see why in these times, when money is so easy, a man should want a better investment."

"You don't know the man, doctor. He is a sort of country speculator, and though he is rich I suppose he has many schemes on hand and likes to keep his capital moving. But I believe if he chose he could let this investment remain. He doesn't choose, however. Besides, his father, and not he, advanced the money, and it is a part of his patrimony."

"Young and married?" queried the doctor.

"Not so very young—and unmarried," replied the schoolmistress with a downward glance.

"Unmarried, but not because he hasn't asked, eh? Is it the old story over again, the hard-hearted miser, who, because he can't get a loving glance from a pair of bright eyes, threatens vengeance upon the pretty orphan and her sick mother, and so forth, et cetera? That is the diagnosis, eh?" said the doctor with a mischievous smile.

"Come, in these days that sort of wooing isn't the thing. There's no romance in that," as Tom Hood says. But your letter was addressed in a masculine hand. Haven't you a big brother, now, who can set things right?"

"No, doctor," said this time with a fiery blush. "It—you see—well, mother cannot write without diffidence, and she had a friend of ours write for her."

"Ah, yes; I see. Nothing more proper. And now I am awfully inquisitive, but I always insist on learning all the symptoms. In this case allow me my prerogative as a doctor. In short who is your young friend?"

"I did not say he was young, doctor. Really you are too bad. He—well, his name is John Richmond, and he owns a small farm near ours. He is not wealthy, but—"

"But will he if he keeps on in the industrious way he has started, of course; that is what you were going to say," broke in the listener. "Of course he could not raise the money, and equally of course you could not ask him to do so."

"Certainly we could not think of such a thing," replied the schoolmistress.

Both sat silent for a few minutes. The doctor finally spoke in his cheery way:

"Oh, my dear, I've been in a brown study—though this is an uncommon bright one to-day—and I think we will discuss the subject for the present. Only let me say this—I think I see a way out of the woods. You have finished those authors' autographs, I see. Have you indexed them all? Oh, yes," as she passed him a blank book, "and very neatly written, too. You found a 'Walter Scott,' I see," as he ran his eye down the s's, "an A. N. S.; wish it was an A. L. S. I felt sure I had his autograph, but could not place my hand upon it. That shows how necessary it was that my collection should be gone over thoroughly. I never should have found time to do it myself. Now, here is a bundle of I don't know what; odds and ends, I suppose. You will find, I think, some congressional autographs among them, some old deeds, perhaps, and I don't know what not."

"Perhaps I shall find some 'nuggets' for you," said the schoolmistress, as she began assorting the papers.

Annie Lyster was the teacher of the village school in Oldfield, a delightful Connecticut hill town, and had become so great a favorite with the eccentric, kind-hearted doctor that it was now the regular thing for her to spend her Saturdays and Sundays at his home—a welcome relief from her boarding-place. The doctor had given up active practice, and enjoyed his leisure at his quiet country mansion, indulging his antiquarian and literary tastes. The bright young schoolmistress was a ready assistant, delighting to be of service to her kindly host. She found this morning, in the miscellaneous lot of letters and documents, a rich mine. There was a page of John Randolph's plain and precise hand, carefully punctuated, part of an article which he had published in the National Intelligencer, then some ancient copies of deeds, of small value as autographs; and a note in the dainty hand of Edward Everett, accepting an invitation to dine; there was a letter from Edward Stanley to Henry A. Wise, asking advice about a deed. This she had to read to the doctor, who looked up from his manuscript simply to say, "Good auto—index it;" and resumed his quill. She took up a sheet, glanced at it, her eyes widened, and she gave an exclamation of surprise.

The doctor resignedly laid down his pen. "Found a gem?" he asked.

"Not exactly, but isn't it strange! Here's a letter addressed to Colonel Holmes, of Rockford. He was the father of the Mr. Holmes who holds that fatal mortgage."

"Eh!" ejaculated the doctor, and then, after a moment's reflection, he said, "Not so strange, after all. You see there is, or rather was, a doctor up there whom I knew years ago. He is dead now, I believe—Dr. Merrill; perhaps you remember him. We kept up a desultory sort of correspondence. He knew my passion for old furniture, and a few years ago he sent me an old secretary which he had picked up somewhere. There were some old papers in it, which I must have put in that bundle

of odds and ends. He had glanced them over, and seeing two or three old documents in the lot, sent them along, writing that I might find an autograph or two. I have never had time to look. The secretary, by the way, proved to be a nice antique. I think it came over in the Mayflower—at least, it will bear the saying so. It is down in the Continental Room. Perhaps you have seen it?"

"Very likely; but you know I haven't the 'razor' for old furniture," Miss Lyster had proceeded but little further with her task when she again startled the old gentleman with, "Well! this is strange. Here is my father's name."

"Dear me!" said the doctor, in despair; "you will find your grandfather's if you keep on; but let me see it."

She handed him a slip of paper, which he glanced at and then studied attentively.

"Miss Lyster," said he, in a business tone. She was all attention. "When did your father die?"

"Four years ago, sir, in August."

"You said your mother thought that the mortgage had been paid?"

"That is what we supposed, but he was never very communicative to us upon business affairs."

"Well, I believe it was paid. Did you read this paper carefully? Of course you did not. This is a receipt from Israel Holmes—that's your Col. Holmes, I suppose—to Abram Lyster, for the sum of \$500, signed Aug. 4, 18—, What could it have been for except that mortgage?"

The girl grew pale with excitement. "That was the day my father died," said she. It must be as you think, for I cannot imagine any other transaction that he would be likely to have had to do same amount. He had been to the village that morning, and was taken ill immediately on reaching home, dying very suddenly of heart disease."

"This is important, my dear. If your tyrannical money-lender were aware of the existence of this little slip of paper he would not be so fierce. Now let him go ahead."

"I cannot think that he knows of it. His father died soon after mine, and in some way—"

"In some mysterious way," interrupted the doctor, "this most important acknowledgment of the receipt of \$500 was overlooked; in some mysterious way, with other papers in Col. Holmes' desk, it got shored into an old secretary, fate sent it to me, fate sent you here, and what is meant by it all is that wrong is to be righted, as it generally is in the long run."

Miss Lyster was too astounded to speak. She was looking at the knight in armor, while her thoughts were rushing with lightning speed.

"You can almost see a smile on that grim visor, can't you?" said the doctor; "I think I know of a knight of flesh and blood who, with this as his weapon, will slay the dragon and win shall I say his lady-love?"

"Oh, doctor! how can you be so funny over so serious a matter?"

"But it is serious only on one side, and that is the other side," he replied. "Will you permit me to manage this little affair for you? After all, there may be trouble, and there will certainly have to be some legal formalities. But I think, if rightly managed, the young man will admit that the mortgage was virtually cancelled by the payment of the \$500 for which this is the receipt."

"If you would assume the business it would be a relief," she answered, "for I should not know how to proceed."

"Well, then, run away and see my better half, go out and dig chestnuts—no, pick up potatoes—no—well, I don't care what you do—go and amuse yourself while I do some thinking." So the schoolmistress rumbled off, to recover from her bewilderment and forecast the future.

The doctor wrote a long letter to John Richmond, whom he believed he could trust with the affair, and not without reason, for a few days after a reply came, stating that Holmes was amazed, indeed, at the production of the receipt, but after examination could not dispute its genuineness, and had very honorably released the mortgage, restoring the interest paid for four years. He recalled that after the colonel's death he had sold some old furniture, the secretary among the lot, and he remembered that there were some old papers in it, but not considered of any value. If he had found the receipt he should certainly have produced it at the time. Some uncharitable people maintain, however, that he would have burned it.

It can be imagined that when Annie Lyster went home to spend Christmas she was received as little less than a heroine. Her mother was brighter than she had been in years. Even Jane, the "help," could not forbear hugging Miss Annie, and when honest John Richmond came over in the evening, "jest to look in and say how-de-do," as he bashfully excused his call, he stayed till the unseasonably late hour of eleven o'clock. It is to be presumed that his bashfulness was delightfully dissipated. The next Christmas there was a wedding. The genial old doctor's absence was atoned for in part by his presents—an autograph at the bottom of a very ornamental cheque, and a miniature bronze knight in armor to guard it. (American Cultivator.)

A Baltimore young lady, well known in fashionable society, now wears nightgowns of red and blue silk, handsomely embroidered. In order that these wonderful garments may be admired she remains in bed till noon and receives her young lady friends in her boudoir. She is said to look "perfectly lovely!"

Women in Congdon knock out their front teeth as soon as they get married. They must save their husbands considerable trouble, besides dispensing with dentists' bills.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN WHALE FISHERY FROM 1600 TO 1700.

Cape Cod, Connecticut, Long Island, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, Salem.

Again in 1700, he writes to a friend in Ipswich, as one concerned with others in boats engaged in whaling. Here, as elsewhere, there were drift-whales, and in 1723-3 public notices are given to claimants to prove in courts of admiralty their rights in two such cases. In August, 1723, a drift-whale is advertised in the Boston News Letter as ashore at Marblehead, and the usual notice of court is appended.

Whether Boston was at this period a participant in this pursuit is difficult to determine. Various reasons tended to make that port the factor of the colony in that regard. Vessels from the whole colony cleared from there to go to the northward whaling, while those from Nantucket, the Vineyard, and the south shore of the Cape pursued their southern voyages along the edge of the Gulf Stream to the Leeward and Cape Verde Islands under clearance from Newport, R. I. In the absence of the custom house records of Boston, prior to 1776, it is impossible to determine which of the numerous clearances and entries are whalemens, and equally impossible to determine to what port they belonged. Referring to the flag of the colonial gazettes of this period, we find in the News Letter of September 3, 1722, an advertisement of a court of admiralty to be held to adjudicate on a drift-whale found floating near Brewster's, and towed ashore in August. It was much wasted and decayed, and in cutting it up a ball was found, indicating that it had been attacked by some party, and the advertisement notifies the public that "If any Persons can try any Claim to said Whale so as to make out a property," they should appear at the said court at Boston on the 5th Wednesday in the month. On the 5th of December, 1723, "Mr. Peter Butler, of Boston," advertised for sale, "Intirely Imported from London, extraordinary good Whale Waprs at 10d. a Pound, which are made of the finest Hemp, either by the Quill or less Quantity."

In 1730 Samuel Torrey, courier, on Water street, Boston, advertised "Good Blubber by the Barrel or Tun, full Board."

In 1731 the Rhode Island assembly passed an act for the encouragement of the whale and cod fisheries, giving "a bounty of five shillings for every barrel of whale oil, one penny a pound for bone, and five shillings a quintal for cod-fish, caught by Rhode Island vessels and brought into this colony."

To be paid from the interest accruing upon a new bank, or issue bills of credit to the amount of sixty thousand pounds. The whale-fishery had, according to Arnold, long been carried on in a small way within that colony, and whalers had frequented Narragansett Bay, and often been taken with boats. This bounty gave something of a stimulus to the business, and these colonists too began to "whale out into the deep," and in 1733 the first regularly equipped whaler of which Rhode Island has any record arrived in Newport from her voyage, having on board 114 barrels of oil and 230 pounds of bone. This sloop was the Pelican, of Newport, Benjamin Thurston, owner, and she received the bounty according to the law.

By the inhabitants of Martha's Vineyard in 1702-3, there appear to have been several whales killed. The following entry occurs under that date in the court records: "The marks of the whales killed by John Butler and Thomas Lufford, One whale lanced near or over the shoulder blade, near the left shoulder blade only; another killed with an iron forward in the left side, marked W; and upon the right side marked with a pocket knife T. L.; and the other had an iron hole over the right shoulder blade, with two lance holes in the same side, one in the belly. These whales were all killed about the middle of February past; all great whales between six and seven and eight foot long, which are all gone from us. A true account given by John Butler from us, and recorded per me, Thomas Trapp, Clerk."

It is quite probable that deep-sea whaling did not commence at the Vineyard until about the year 1738. In that year Joseph Chase, of Nantucket, removed there, taking with him his sloop the Diamond, of about 40 tons burden. He purchased a house and about 20 acres of land on the shore of Edgartown Harbor, erected a wharf with a try-house near, and commenced the fishery with his vessel. He followed this pursuit for two or three years, till finally his ill success caused him to abandon it.

The year succeeding Chase's immigration, James Claghorn purchased a small sloop of 40 tons, called the Leopard, and fitted her for the business. Two or three years' experience served to give him a distaste for it, and he retired from the contest with a loss of about \$300, a large sum for those days.

In 1742 John Harper, of Nantucket, removed to the Vineyard, carrying with him the sloop Humbird, of about 45 tons. For several years he, too, followed whaling in his sloop and in other vessels; but the same ill success that attended Chase and Claghorn visited also the standard of Harper, and finding himself running behindhand year after year, he too sold out his shipping and withdrew.

Undeterred by the misfortunes of the others, John Newman, with partners, in 1744, bought the sloop Susannah, of 55 tons, and they continued nearly one year. In the fall, the corn crop in the Vineyard proving insufficient, Samuel Finley was sent in command of her to the southward for a load of that grain, and on the return passage the vessel was cast away on the Carolina coast, and with her cargo totally lost.

1750 to 1784. Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, Cape Cod, Boston, Long Island, Rhode Island, New Bedford, Wiltshireburg, &c.

The period from 1750 to 1784 was the most eventful era to the whale-fishery that it has ever passed through. For a large proportion of the time the business was carried on under imminent risk of capture, first by the Spanish and French, and after by the English. The colonial Davis Strait fishery seems to have been quite abandoned, and the vessels cruised mostly to the eastward of the Grand Banks, along the edge of the Gulf Stream and in the vicinity of the Bahamas. In 1748 the English Parliament had passed a second act to encourage this fishery. By it the premium on inspection of masts, yards and bowsprits, tar, pitch and turpentine, and on British-made sail-cloth were to continue, and the duties on foreign-made sail-cloth were remitted to vessels engaged in this pursuit. A bounty was also granted on all ships engaged in whaling during the then existing war; harpooners and others employed in the Greenland fishery were exempted from impressment. The commissioners of customs were, under the required certificate, to pay the second twenty shillings per ton bounty granted by Parliament over the first twenty previously granted. The ships which had sailed during the previous March and April were to be equal shares in this bounty with those whose sailing had been delayed. All ships built or fitted out for this pursuit from the American colonies conforming to this act were to be licensed to whale, and in order to receive the bounty must remain in Davis Straits or vicinity from May (sailing about May 1) until the 30th of August, unless sooner full or obliged to return by accident. Foreign Protestants serving in this fishery for two years, and qualifying themselves for its prosecution, were to be treated as though they were natives. The cause of this concession to the colonies was a part of Lord Stirling's scheme to rid Acadia of the French. It was his desire that George II. should cause them to be removed to some other English colony, and settle Nova Scotia with Protestants, and to this end invitations were sent throughout Europe to induce Protestants to remove thither. "The Moravian Brethren were attracted by the promise of exemption from militia and military service. The good will of New England was encouraged by care for its fisheries; and American whalemens, stimulated by the promise of enjoying an equal bounty with the British, learned to follow their game among the icebergs of the Greenland seas."

"The New Englanders of this period," says Bancroft, "were of homogeneous origin, nearly all tracing their descent to the English emigrants of the reigns of Charles the First and Charles the Second. They were a frugal and industrious race. Along the sea-side, wherever there was a good harbor, fishermen, familiar with the ocean, gathered in hamlets; and each returning season saw them with an ever-increasing number of mariners and vessels, taking the cod and mackerel, and sometimes pursuing the whale into the icy labyrinth of the Northern seas; yet loving home and dearly attached to their modest freeholds."

Of this period Hutchinson says: "The increase of the consumption of oil by lamps as well as by divers manufacturers in Europe has been no small encouragement to our whale-fishery. The flourishing state of the island of Nantucket must be attributed to it. The cod and whale-fishery, being the principal source of our returns to Great Britain, are therefore worthy not only of provincial but national attention."

A continual succession of foreign wars, in which the hardy fishermen and farmers of New England were constantly called to the aid of England, compelled with a continual succession of intolerant measures adopted by the mother country toward the plantations which, in common with the colonists at large, they felt impelled to resist, was gradually preparing America for the eventual struggle which was to end its independence. By the experience of the wars they learned their strength, through the pressure of the tyrannical acts they learned their rights.

Pending the expedition for the reduction of Nova Scotia in 1758, an embargo was laid upon the "bank" fishermen, though the risk of capture was so great that it of itself must have quite effectively enlarged many of them.

(To be continued.)

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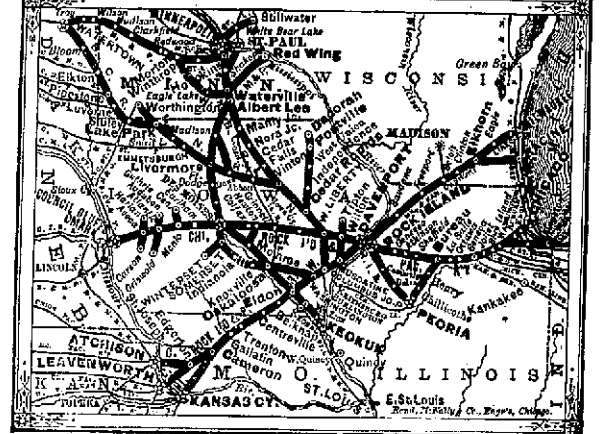
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HOW A BEAR BECAME AN INVOLUNTARY
BY ST. NICHOLAS.

That's a pretty little girl you've got
with you in the Pullman, Cap. Grand-
daughter?"

"No, she ain't no grand-daughter,"
said "Cap," looking at the conductor
with an injured expression. "I ain't
no spring chicken, nor yit I ain't no
grand-dad."

"Daughter, perhaps?"

"Nary daughter."

"Niece?"

"Nur yit niece."

"Child of a friend, may be?"

"See here, young feller," said Cap. at
last, "did I pay that little gal's way, or

"With that there silver pistol of yours, or didn't you? Do I owe this yer road anything? Ef I do, present yer bill; ef I don't, what in tarnation makes you so willin' keen to know the whole history of the case? I ain't a kidnapping her; you can hawk on that; but all the same, she ain't no kith nor kin or mine, and she don't belong to no friend. I'm a takin' her to her mother in St. Louey. Best hest that pile."

He switched a red cotton handkerchief out of an inner pocket and thrust it into the surprised conductor's hand. "Jest left that pils," he continued, "is very pure, solid twenty-four karat gold; every grain of it belongs to that little fellow and I'll bet the drinks you can't come within a hundred of its value. Jest left it once."

The conductor held the handkerchief by its ends, and gravely "hefted" something of about the bulk of an ordinary fist, which was knotted in the centre of the rag.

"It weighs about 'two pounds, I judge," he said, after some hesitation. "What is the tigger?"

"Well, if it's pure gold, as you say, may be worth \$500.

"You are just a hundred out. She is worth \$402.23. A greatly bear phylar and St. Nicholas game last Christmas and throwed a handsome little ball into the little girl's stocking. He killed her dad at the same time and

He had the knot in the handkerchief done by this time, and gave the con-
ductor, as well as two or three of the
passengers, a satisfying inspection of
his pound and a half lump of dull, vol-

"You see, it was this way," said Cap-
 tain about in his seat so that he
 could speak to those in the seat behind
 him as well as to the conductor in
 front; "me and the old lady aint en-
 tire to give our children a little candy
 and tin horns and things every Christ-
 mas. We aint got much religion; but
 we got that much; and when the day
 for Christmas I come home from
 a store down in the village with a
 pound or two in this pocket, and a few
 pounds in that, and a sackful slung
 over my shoulder, and a wooden ele-
 ment with a leather trunk and a
 tin's mamma, and a doll baby that would
 'mamma' a busting out of a paper
 sack in my arms, and me a-sneakin'
 round the back way so as the children
 might not catch me and tumble to the
 ground, I felt like a full-grown St.
 Nicholas and my heart was just a sing-
 ing 'Peace on earth and good will to-
 all men.'

"Abner," says my old lady when she
my pile, "I don't believe that little
down to Jake Pearson's ranch is

he'd never squander a dollar for
toys, and it jest natchelly makes
fired to think of our brats rolling
foodies and that little yellor-haired
without even molasses.'

I saw her bluff and raised it. 'Gim-
me those are doll, old lady, I sez, and a
horse and about two pounds of that
sectionary, and we'll see if she don't
eat a Christmas wit' all the same.

I put 'em in a sack and waltzed on the road till I ken to the place above Pearson's ranch, which lies at the foot of the mountain, and after

...all at once I heard the little gal
am.
Pearson hadn't lived in them dig-
s more'n six months, and we neigh-

didn't know a great sight about
; but our wimmen folks they'd a
d out the land a little as wimmen
and they 'lowed that Pearson was
in the shanty all alone, 'cept
ur his little seven-year-old gal, and
swore up and down that he didn't

at the first time they seed him, they and once or twice he wuz seen haddin' her with a luther strap. We didn't take much stock in their talk but we laid low and 'lowed that the first time we ketched him red-hand-

Well, sir, boys, he wuz doing that thing when I lit down on him—the buckle end, too, mind you; if I hadn't been a law-and-order

ing citizen I swan I'd a shot him
But I 'lowed it wuz best to have
nesses, and ef I'd a killed him
tine one by to see fair play, it
have caused talk. So I jest tuk
trap from him, and kinder scared
into decuver with a tough or tyn

in his shoulders, and then I tuk
to one side and giv him the knick-
-ers.
You put them in the kid's stool-
-n-night, so she will find em' when
-akes up in the morning,' sez I.
-Christmas mornin' and we are all

...tians up yer in these diggings,' [trou-

The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANDERS, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, '85.

We wish all our Readers a very Merry Christmas.

The President is said to be very much annoyed at Senator Beck's attack on his administration.

Prof. Agassiz sailed for Europe Wednesday. He will remain abroad for some months.

More bad luck than has been discovered in Chicago, which it is said will succeed in ousting Carter Harrison from the mayor's chair.

One thousand bills were introduced in the House of Representatives Monday, and three thousand more are to follow.

The Sheriff has advertised the property of the Western Union Telegraph Company of New York for sale for non payment of taxes.

The Boston papers just now are agitated on the subject of hydrophobia, and they are trying to decide as to whether or not there is such a thing.

The enthusiasm with which Senator Beck's attack upon the administration would indicate that the President following in his own party is very limited.

Lieut. W. Henn, owner of the British yacht, Galatea, has forwarded a challenge to the New York yacht club for the possession of the America's cup.

It is said that Speaker Carlisle will make young Perry Belmont chairman of the committee on Foreign Affairs. That will be a big committee for a small man.

All hopes of rescuing the imprisoned miners at the Wilkesbarre mines have been given up. There are some twenty people confined in the sunken mine and the scenes among the bereaved families are truly heart-rending.

The sheriff of New York has levied upon property of the Western Union company to the value of over \$250,000, because the company has failed to pay a judgment secured by the State for unpaid taxes amounting to \$132,812.

A lot of professional gamblers in New York have lately been badly swindled. These would seem to be poetic justice in that procedure. Perhaps now they will know how good it is themselves.

The decision in the celebrated telephone case which has been heard before the Secretary of the Interior is expected to be rendered early in January. Those who pretend to know claim that it will be adverse to the Bell company.

Gladstone appears to desire to take back his reported "home" title" sentiments lately advanced. If he does not take back these sentiments he is in danger of losing a portion of the liberal support and if he does take them back he loses all of Parnell's support. Truly the old man is in rather a tight place.

The war on the administration in the Democratic party has begun. Senator Beck read a long address in the Senate Monday against the financial management of Secretary Manning and Treasurer Jenks. The senator in the course of his remarks virtually declared that these officers deserved fine and imprisonment.

The Democrats in Congress are sadly deficient in leaders. They have nobody in the senate that can be compared with Edmunds, Sherman, Frye, Hoar, and a half dozen other Republicans on the score of ability and in the house they have such men as Randall and Morrison who are would-be leaders, but they represent the two wings of the party which are nearly as hostile to one another as they are to the Republicans.

Robert Toombs, the original rebel, is dead, and with him may be said ends the Rebellion. He was a life-long union man, and one of the original Southern fire eaters. He was more radical than Jeff. Davis even, for when the latter declined to arm the slaves in the Southern cause, Toombs broke friendship with him and throughout the latter years of his life they were bitter enemies.

The time during which the registry voters can sign their names to the city clerk's books in order to be voters during 1886 closes on Thursday next. It stands all these in hand who wish to have a voice in the affairs of city, state, or nation, during the coming year, to attend to the matter at once. There will be many occasions on which the voters will desire to exercise their right of suffrage and when they will wish they had attended to the little matter of registration when they had the opportunity.

On the 23d and 24th of June next the good people of Providence propose to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the landing of Roger Williams on the shores of the Seekonk and the founding of the town of Providence. They propose to appropriate \$10,000 for that purpose and expect the State to help them out by giving half as much more. They propose to devote one day to literary exercises in the old first Baptist Meeting house on North Main St. and the second day will be devoted to parades etc. in which will be one grand procession representing the trades of the city and also showing the methods of doing business in the days of long ago. We trust our sister capital will have a grand celebration one which will do credit to the city and State. In three years from now we shall be ready to celebrate Newport's 250th birthday, and we shall then expect to show the world what Newport can do.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

Christmas at the Capitol—Change of House and Their Effect—Randall and His Debut—The New State of Dakota—The Senators get Mad Over It—The President and His 1000 Nominations.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22, 1885.

The week has been full of preparation for the holidays. Charitable clubs are busy with arrangements for supplying Kris Kingle and good things to the children of the poor. Churches and Sunday Schools are busy with their plans for the season; merchants and buyers are busy, and promenaders are busy gazing at the showy gowns in the store windows. The city put on its holiday appearance a week ago, and the crowds and bustle and cash increases every day, and will continue to do so until they reach a climax on Christmas eve.

Congress, too, made ready for Christmas to-day by adjourning until the fifth of January. Quite a number of Senators and Representatives will exit Christmas turkey at their homes, though a majority of them will remain in Washington through the holiday season.

The emphatic vote 226 to 70, by which the House decided to change its rules showed how general was the feeling that a reform was necessary. The 70 who resisted the change do not represent all of the members who look forward with anxiety to the effect of distributing the appropriation bills among the different committees. The change is an experiment that will be watched with interest, to see if it will result in extravagance. Representative Kelly, of Penn., who because of his age and long service is called the "Father of the House," said that no new rules could be worse than the old code. He no doubt voiced the feelings of the mass of members. Mr. Randall fought earnestly against the change of rules and his defeat has been the subject of much speculation at the Capitol. It has been doubted if he would accept the Chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee, shown as it is of so much of its power. Many think that the Forty-Ninth Congress has, by this change, opened its first session with a serious mistake, and the lobby is naturally delighted over the prospect of argument.

The passage of the bill pensioning Mrs. Grant was not attended by debate, nor did it arouse opposition in either branch of Congress, though in the House one vote was recorded against it, that of Mr. Pierce, of Wisconsin. The precedent has been established of allowing a pension of \$5,000 a year to the widows of ex-Presidents.

The Senate debated and passed the Presidential succession bill, which the House will consider immediately after the recess. On this constitutional question Sumner Everts made his first speech in the Senate, and had, what few men get,—interested galleries and a thoroughly attentive Senate. The succession bill will be antagonized in the House by several measures which will be offered as substitutes to it.

In the Senate debate upon the alleged organization of the Territory of Dakota into a State, Senator Harrison, of Indiana, championed Dakota, while Senator Vest, of Missouri, branded her recent proceedings as revolutionary. During the debate Senator Harrison was accused by Senator Butler of showing bad temper. The Senator from Indiana denied the charge, and added that had the Senator from South Carolina ever seen him out of temper really, he would know how to discriminate.

The senior Senator, Hampton, from South Carolina has introduced a bill in the Senate which is in full accord with Civil Service reform. The bill makes it unlawful for Senators or Representatives to recommend or solicit the appointment of any one to an office under the U. S. Government, and provides a fine for the misdemeanor. The bill will undoubtedly find favor with the more independent congressmen, who would like to be relieved of the annoyance of office-brokerage. But the provisions of the bill are pronounced by many impracticable. It would be next to impossible to enforce the penalties of the act.

The President has been visited during the week by a delegation of Indians from Iowa. They recited their wrongs and troubles to him as the Indians usually do. One of their grievances was that their children were in danger of being taken from them and sent East to school. The President sent them to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to talk about their lands, and assured them that only those of their children who wanted to be educated should be sent to school.

The President has sent two thousand nominations to the Senate since the opening of the session, including the last he has made up to date. None of them have yet been acted upon.

Congress has been in session two weeks and has adjourned for two weeks. Some 2000 nominations have been placed upon the executive calendar of the Senate. But one confirmation has been made. Seven hundred bills have been presented in the Senate, more than one thousand bills have been referred to the committees in the House. One bill, the first to receive the signature of President Cleveland, the bill to remove the political disabilities of General Lawton of Georgia, has become a law. Two exceptions, have not been appointed. The machinery of Congress has not been fully put in motion, yet the two houses will not reconvene until January 5.

JOHN BROWN.

The poultry market in Chicago is reported to be greatly overloaded, and prices were so low last week as to cause great loss and depression in the trade. Dressed turkeys and geese sold at six to seven cents per pound, and chickens as low as two to three cents.

Building Notes.

J. D. Johnston is building for Isaac Logan on the Taylor lot on South Baptist street a story-and-a-half cottage 25 x 25 feet, with piazza. The building was framed, raised and made ready for the lathers in three days.

The three buildings at Fort Adams, known as the officers' quarters, have been moved 300 feet to the westward and a twenty feet story is being built under each, increasing the capacity of each building sixteen rooms. Nicholas Dillen of this city is doing the work and expects to have everything completed early in April though his contract allows him till July. The contract price for the work was \$12,000.

Nathan Barker is building a handsome and commodious stable for the Misses Caldwell on Kay street.

William Hamilton is building a cottage on Cherry street for Nicholas King.

Daniel Dillen, Jr., is building a two-story, two tenement house, on Berkeley street for Timothy B. Murphy.

George W. Downen is building a cottage for Gustave Miller on a court off of Wellington avenue.

The Old Way.

In these days of high-toned notions, and large appropriations for school buildings, it is really refreshing to find the following advertisement in the Newport Mercury of February 10, 1700.

A School House.

To be built in the Town of Newport, early in the ensuing summer, of the following Description and Dimensions, viz: Four feet long and 25 wide, 8 feet high, the inside ceiling with Boards from the Floor to the Stools of the Windows, and the inside of the Belfry coiled entirely with Boards—the Posts and Windows ended—a double Floor laid—4 battened Doors—3 Windows on each side, 2 at the East, and 2 at the West end, all arched above, with Sashes for 24 Lights, 7 by 9 Glass, exclusive of the Arch, which is to be fixed and the Sashes raised and let down—a Cellar Door and Window Frame.

Any Person who may incline to do the above Work, for which the Cash will be paid, as soon as the Building is completed, is requested to give his lowest terms in writing, sealed up, within Four Weeks from the Date hereof, to either of the subscribers.

George Gibbs, Henry Sherburne, John Burns, Wm. R. Robinson, Committee.

Newport, Feb. 18, 1700.

The building called for in this advertisement was duly erected and is still standing, it being no other than that now owned and occupied by the Shiloh Baptist Church corner of Mary and School streets.

Real Estate Sales.

J. Truman, Bardick, has sold about 3,300 square feet of land on Commercial street to Mr. LeRoy King for \$493.95.

Assistant Inspector J. O. Chandler inspected C. E. Lawton, Post, G. A. R., Wednesday evening and pronounced it one of the best conducted posts in the state and highly complimented the Quartermaster and Adjutant upon the excellent condition in which he found their books. A clam chorus followed the inspection and a general good time was enjoyed.

There are about 325 persons registered at the City Hall to date. There are nearly 2000 persons in town entitled to register.

A New York letter says Vanderbilt would not confide the keeping of his immense wealth to any of the Safe Deposit Companies, but built a vault of his own, and established the Lincoln National Bank and Safe Deposit Company about five years ago. The building adjoins the Grand Central Depot and is an immense mass of brick with few openings, and these few guarded by steel doors capable of resisting cannon balls. The strong vault is constructed of alternate layers of iron and steel, which make it practically impenetrable by any force except dynamite. Gen. James New York's ex-postmaster, is at the head of the concern. Ostensibly the company is for the benefit of the public, but in reality it is chiefly for the benefit of the Vanderbilt family, who probably expend two or three hundred thousand dollars a year to keep it up. It is said that Vanderbilt had \$10,000,000 invested in the national securities of France, England, Germany, Belgium and Russia. So that no matter in what part of the world the Vanderbilt family may find itself there is sure to be no lack of bread and butter.

Ex-Senator Taber, who is in New York, as a reporter observed, wears diamonds enough to make a King's crown. His shirt front flashes with big stones. He has a ring mounted with a jewel as big as a chestnut. His cuff buttons are about an inch square, of gold studded with small gems. He must wear, all told, \$50,000 worth of jewels. He always takes them off and puts them in the hotel safe before going out at night.

Marriages.

In Boston, the 20th inst., Mr. Harry L. In 18th of this city, to Miss Balla Strongberg of Boston.

In Fall River 19th inst., Henry C. Peckham of Newport to Miss A. Duffell of Fall River.

In Providence 22d inst., by Rev. Richard Montague, Mr. Clarence Kingsbury to Miss Olive Wood, composes; daughter of the late C. Leonard and Lucy A. Gifford of New Bedford.

Deaths.

In Middletown 17th inst., Polyz Altor 20, aged 33 years.

In Providence, 17th inst., Dennis Fitzpatrick, 15, 18th, Stephen T. Brennan, 31, 18th, Patrick, widow of Isaac Thayer, 36, 19th, widow of 17th inst., Charlotte Ide, widow of William H. Draper, aged 70 years.

Another Terrible Mine Disaster.

LONDON, Dec. 23.—A dispatch from Pontypool, Wales, reports that a terrible colliery explosion has just occurred at the Fennel pit, near there, and that 400 miners are entombed. No details of the catastrophe have as yet been received.

A later dispatch says that twelve dead bodies have been taken out of the Fennel pit, and thirty miners have been rescued more or less injured. The remainder of those who were in the mine at the time of the explosion are believed to be safe.

The explosion occurred in the upper of the two seams. There were 750 men in the mine at the time. The majority were in the lower seam, otherwise the death list would have been much larger. At least fifty men were killed in the upper seam, and scores were terribly burned. The injured were carried to places of safety by their more fortunate companions who had not been hurt.

The America Cup Again.

At the meeting of the New York Yacht Club Tuesday evening the following letter was read and the challenge accepted:

LONDON, Nov. 7, 1885.

Dear Sir:—I am instructed by Lieutenant W. Henn, of N. Y., to challenge the New York Club for the possession of the America's cup on behalf of his enter yacht Galatea, whose club nomination and other classifications, as specified in the deed of gift, were forwarded to you on Feb. 17th last. This challenge he takes to be a withdrawal of the one of February last, and my letter of Oct. 6th to be an explanation of the terms he would require.

J. BEAVER WENN.

The announcement that the new British Parliament will meet on January 12 is ominous. Twelve new Parliaments since 1510 have opened in that month, and nearly all have been short-lived. That of 1510 lasted less than six weeks. That of 1538 did not live the year out, and its successor, in 1550, survived less than four months. The Parliament of 1621 did not last a year, and the "Commonwealth" Parliament of 1653 lasted three months. Those of 1689 and 1819 endured for a little more than a year each, and the last one, in 1833, held out for barely two years. The other four ranged from two to six years in length. The rule has been, therefore, for January Parliament to be short-lived, and there is every reason to suppose that the one about to open will conform to it.

About \$8000 worth of watches and jewelry recently stolen from E. N. Marks, a Chicago jeweler, were found in an unclaimed trunk at the West Shore depot in New York, on Tuesday.

Sing Me a Song of the Olden Time.

Sing me a song of the olden time—
"Highland Lullaby" and "Home Doon";
Sing to me now in the fading light,
For my heart goes back to my youth to-night—
Sing me some dear old tune.

And I will dream go I hear your voice,
Sweet and tender, and strong and clear,
Like your mother's voice, when these songs she sang.

Long ago when we both were young—
You are so like her, dear,
Take down her hair and touch the strings;
Two long, too long, have they silent been;
My heart has been full of hurry and strife,
And the care and worry of active life—
I long for the songs again.

Sing "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon";
Your mother sang that song to me,
While she rocked you there on her breast to sleep.

Dear little daughter do not weep—
Sing me the old songs, too.
Sing "Logan Water" and "Land of the Leal,"
"Annie Laurie" and "Banks of Dee";
Dear old songs that we never forget;
Over my heart they are echoing yet;
Sing them all to me.

No music ever so sweet can be
As the lullaby of the days of yore
Sing by mother and sister and wife;
And now my child in this later life
I would hear these songs once more.

Sing me a song of the olden time—
"Highland Lullaby" or "Bonnie Doon";
Sing to me now in the fading light,
For my heart goes back to my youth to-night—
Sing me some dear old tune.

The Star of Bethlehem.

BY PROF. JOHN H. BERTWIST.

The stars looked down upon the hills,
And sweet repose reigned everywhere;
Soft was the murmur of the rills,
And scarce a ripple moved the air.
But—bright amid the twinkling host,
That blazed in heaven's diadem,
Shone a new star that dazzled most—
The herald star of Bethlehem.

The shepherds watched their drovers flocks—
"And Peace sang in the tinkling bells;
No echo from the hanging rocks
Disturbed the quiet of the dell.
Aunt Sarah made the milk the air,
An angel choir on light wings came.
Singing in chorus numbers rare,
Around the star of Bethlehem.

"Glory to God—all hail the Son!
The Prince of Peace—the Comforter!
The Lamb of God—the Holy One!
The Adventer in the mystic star,
Thou herald in the night star,
Of all the host the brightest glow;
And every orb, both near and far,
Paled in the rays of Bethlehem.

In a rough manger lay a child
Languishing with the angels sang,
"Glory to God!" and then it smiled.
As through heaven's vault the anthem rang,
Lo—the wise men who'd journeyed far,
Led by the light that streamed on them,
The light of that prophetic star
That led the way to Bethlehem.

They led the babe of humble birth,
The world's Messiah—God's own Son,
Jehovah's delegate on earth.
Of the Tribe—the second one,
We greet the Saviour's natal day.
As did the angels—and like them,
Sing cheerful songs in the glad ray
Of the bright star of Bethlehem.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"LACTANT is no longer a luxury but a necessity in my family," writes Rev. W. H. Willcox of Malabar, Mass. Sold by Druggist and Grocers.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They will cure you, and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver, and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please.

ARRESTED.
Charles A. Isley was arrested last evening for stealing from the drug store of Sullivan, a bottle of Sulphur Bitters. Before the court this morning, upon being asked why he should steal, he stated that his mother was troubled with rheumatism, and that it was the only medicine that helped her, and being out of money and seeing the need of his stealing. As this was his first offense he was put on probation.—Newark News.

KNOW THYSELF, by reading the "set one of life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men.

A CARD.
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a physician in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station B, New York City.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

DECEMBER STANDARD TIME.

	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
26 Sat	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
27 Sun	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
28 Mon	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
29 Tues	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
30 Wed	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
31 Thurs	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
1 Fri	19	20	21	22	23	24	25

New Moon, 6th day, 8h. 10m., morning.
First Quarter, 13th day, 1h. 20m., evening.
Full Moon, 21st day, 11h. 50m., evening.
Last Quarter, 28th day, 7h. 21m., morning.

It gives one an idea of the array of officeholders that draw pay from Uncle Sam to learn that there are 1750 clerks in the War Department alone, and it does not call for as many as several other of the departments.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.—ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 West Street, N. Y.



JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE
THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR WASHING AND BLEACHING.

IN HAND OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER. SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Buy if only cured once.

ACHE

Is the bone of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by the gentle action please all who use them. In vials of 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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